My sister raised her eyebrows in wild astonishment.

"I did not know it was so long since you read prayers," she said; "the time always seems to fly so when we are by ourselves. I wonder if we shall ever be rich enough to do without parlor boarders?" she added with a wistful look up at me, where I lay back in my own special easy-chair, resting my tired head after a hard day's work.

It always seemed to be her one ambition, that just to have the little spare time we could call our own in the midst of our busy lives quite to ourselves.

of our busy lives quite to ourselves. But I did not know when it would be possible to gratify it. School-keeping is arduous, precarious work; it had been so in our case, at any rate; and even now, when Mary, who was a good deal younger than I, had entered into the younger than I, had entered into the forties, I did not see my way to any such radical change in our mode of life. On the whole, I was fairly satisfied with the progress we had made and the position we held. If our establishment tion we held. If our establishment was not a very large one, it was at least more select than nineteen out of twenty in an age which is nothing if it is not levelling. People had began to talk already of the higher education of women, and of preparing girls for university examination as if they were their own brothers; but we set our faces against it from the first. We had no greater ambition for the dear chilfaces against it from the first. We had no greates ambition for the dear chil-dren committed from time to time to our charge than that they should be fitted to adorn and elevate society as elpmeets to men—not as their rivals.

4 You dear, good, old-fashioned
ouls! You are half a century behind the times." Lady Gay Spanker said to me once. " but if I had any girls of my own, I should send them to you never-

And we found that was the way with And we found that was the way with a good many people. They laughed at us, but they believed in us. I do not see myself how they could have done otherwise than believe in Mary. If ever there was an angel upon earth, she was one. She was simply like the grandmother in the French poem the grandmother in the French poem the girls in the first class used to read and recite—Charity personified. Whenever they came to the line—

"O grandmere," dit-il, " la charite c'es a little color back into her cheeks and I used to find myself looking round inlips. Her cloak she would not remove, but she took off her hat and the little voluntarily to the table at which she eat; but though she may have seen the look and returned it with that ready smile of hers, the thought that was in my mind would never have occured to her. spotted veil, worn like a half-mask across her face, and I could feel the sister's countenance reflected in my

was not written of such as my Mary. She sat opposite me on that Septem per evening of which I am writing, em broidering some delicate blue flannel, the color of which, as it lay massed toher in her lap, threw up the soft tints of her complexion in a wonderful way. She had one of those lovely, creamery skins into which the least heat or excitement brings a flush like the first flush of morning, and what with the beauty of that, and the brilliancy of her soft, brown eyes contrast-ing with them, I used to think that the white hairs, at which she had arrived so early, only constituted a fresh claim to admiration. Everybody said "Miss Mary" had such a sweet face. It was not merely a matter of chissel-ling or coloring. There was upon it that beautiful calm and tenderness which can only come of a heart at peace with itself and at leisure from itself. I cannot describe it, but I always think it must have been that expression in it which drew Madame Laure to her that

There was nothing striking or artistic There was nothing striking or artistic in any way in our surroundings. The small, square sitting-room, with its green paper sparingly relieved with gold, and its sombre, dark green hangings, with mahogany book-shelves fitted into the recesses on either side of the fireplace, and the round table in the centre with the lamp upon it, and the half-chiffonier, half-sideboard, in the glass back of which I saw myself reflected—a tall, spare, elderly woman, hard-featured rather than otherwise, and as unlike Mary as elderly woman, hard-leatured factors then otherwise, and as unlike Mary as I could possibly be—all this formed surroundings than which nothing could have been more commonplace. But there was a bright fire burning in the

there was a bright fire burning in the grate, and I remember thinking to myself drowsily that to the poor little French teacher this first introduction to English comfort would seem something too good to be true.

We had always had a mademoiselle. As a rule she had been of mixed nationality, the Swiss article being the cheaper, and on the score of a joint interest in the two languages, the more useful; but, latterly, Miss Pettitt—between whom and ourselves there had existed for some years past a friendly her; but the French governess was no girl, nor would she have struck one as so likely to pay homage as to expect it. It was not, I imagine, so much the other's kindnes: to her individually as to the charm of her simple goodness. Whatever else madame might forget—whatever duty she might neglect—she never forgother little attentions to 'Miss Mary.' However dull she might be looking, she had always a smile ready for her. My sister must, I felt, see it, and be touched by it; and, in spite of myself, a petty jealousy I was ashamed of added to my prejudice against the French woman. Mary admired her so much, and in me—I became so foolish as that, I who had never allowed my plain face to distress me before—there was nothing existed for some years past a friendly rivalry—had started a Parisian, and this time we had thought it advisable to follow her example. So we had written direct to the first educahad written direct to the lirst couca-tional bureau in Paris, and stipulated for as pure an acceut and as thorough a knowledge of elementary music as could be reasonably expected for a comfortable home and a small salary. The result had been the recommenda-The result had been the recommenda-tion of Madame Laure—a young wi-dow, whose French and music we should find above the average, and whose friendlessness and want of expe-rience in teaching would make it a cha-rity upon our parts to take her. We thought the want of experience might enable us all the more easily to get her into her own method, and we wrote to

mable us all the more easily to get her into her own method, and we wrote to engage her.

It was nearly 11 o'clock that night when the cab containing her at last drove up to the door. In spite of my alster's gentle suggestions and excuses, I felt a little ruffled and annoyed at to late an arrival; and as one means in all probability quite lost upon her of marking my disapproval, I did not go out into the hall to meet her. We heard the luggage deposited there, and the cabman dismissed, and then the little parlor-maid showed her in.

I can see her now, in my mind's eye, standing, framed by the doorway, which

the cabman dismissed, and then the litthe cabman dismissed, and then the litthe parlor-maid showed her in.

I can see her now, in my mind's eye,
standing, framed by the doorway, which
would not, by the way, have allowed
of her being many inches taller, even
in that low turban hat, than she really
was; a slight, erect figure, wrapped
from head to foot in a dark water-proof
clock, her face fair and refined, but of
a deathly palor, lighted up by a pair of
most wonderful eyes—eyes her possession of which I felt myself resenting
and inwardly protesting against on the
eyet as unbecoming any governess in
a sistence. pupils to South Kensingt'n on that very account.

She really had nothing to wear, she said. Her black dresses had got so shabby, and she had not dared to spend her little money until she was earning more. Might she have the afternoon to herself to make some purchases?

I was only too glad to give her leave, though it necessitated my going with the girls myself.

"I am so sorry," she said, speaking a French in a particularly pretty voice, at with a nervousness which pleased a better than her appearance, "but is not my fault I have kept you up so to, and perhaps caused you anxiety.

She was afraid, very; there had been a considerable loss of life, so she had been told; indeed, she had seen as

much for herself. She could not bear

to think of it. "But the carriage you were in es-

She hesitated before answering me,

She had been made to sit down by

hands, some hot wine and water, which

we made her drink, and which brought

ingled surprise and admiration in my

and sizes at Inglewood House, but this was the first time we had enlisted the

services of one who might have posed

for public admiration as a professional beauty. She was so much too striking-

looking that I slept little all that night

thinking of it. I was always more or less afraid of a pretty pupil. One

never knew the complications that might be involved, and a pretty governess was worse still. I should

never have engaged Mary had she been

offered to me in the latter capacity-I always told her so.

If she shared my misgivings on the

present occasion she would not allow

it. She was a great lover of beauty,

and from that first night she took Mme.

could to help her in her work and to

to believe that she counted anything like

be wool-gathering, and she did not ap-pear to understand being found fault

looking at me to which I was not accus-

tomed, and which made me uncomfort

able. I am tall myself, but she was

taller, and I never felt myself so much

mistress with her as with her prede-cessors. I liked to be looked up to in

both senses by my governesses, and there was none of this looking up in the case of Mme. Laure so far as I was concerned. It was to Mary—Mary,

who never exacted any deference from anybody—that she deferred.

It was no matter of wonder to me

that my sister should attract love and

veneration. There were generally three or four girls in the school who would

have done anything, gore anywhere for her; but the French governess was no

distress me before-there was nothing

When one gives way to a mean feel-

to admire.

added, "I did not think I should have arrived here to-night."

"That would have been dreadful!" my sister said, coming forward from behind me—it was aiways she who was first to do the right thing—and taking the stranger's hands in hers. "We should have been so unhappy about you, knowing you were among foreigners, and not knowing what might have come to you. You must come to the fire and get warm and tell us all about it, and, Essie, there is some support to be brought in—is there not?"

idly.

"Certainly not," I replied promptly.

"If she had wanted it, she could have asked for it. Besides, hew do we know she does want it? She had left herself something to fall back upon, to judge from what she said just now."

My sister made no further remark. She went to the wardrobe and got out my bonnet and cloak for me; but she did not wait. I remember, as she sometimes would, to help me put them on, but went through to the dressing-room, which was more particularly her own. but went through to the dressing-room, which was more particularly her own. She had a little cabinet in there in which she kept her dress-money—we were always most particular to keep our private accounts apart from those of the school—and I knew the click of the key in the lock quite well. It was idle to say anything. I knew that, too. per to be brought in—is there not?"
She had begun in her easer way—always so anxious to set people at ease and at home—speaking English; now. remembering, she checked herself, and a little, we understood. We do not know much of your language, my sister and I."

By and by I heard her rustling softly down stairs, and before I set out my-self I saw Mme. Laure, water-proofed and veiled as she had been on the night of her arrival, let herself out at the "A little," the other answered shyly, still in her own tongue.

She looked more nervous than ever, and she shivered as she spoke. Mary garden-gate, and start at a brisk pace in the direction of the shops. almost pushed me aside, noticing it, to make way for her to the fire. "You are very good, madame—I am not cold," she said; then, in English,

We were twenty minutes' walk from the station at Inglewood House. If I have not yet mentioned that we lived in the suburbs, I must be permitted to re-pair that omission now—in which su-burb never mind. It was described in not cold," she said; then, in English, with a strong accent, and speaking very deliberately, as one who had to frame her sentences before uttering them: "I am only very tired, and would like to go to bed."

"But we cannot let you do that until you have had something," I said.
"You must have had a great shock. Was the accident a serious one?"
She was afraid, very: there had been burb never mind. It was described in the prospectus as the pleasantest about town, and the healthiest, being upon gravel soil and lying high, but I do not care to particularize it here. We walked faster than usual that after-noon—the girls, about a dozen of them— Miss Crispin, the English governess, and myself. The air was clear and bright, the kind of day on which it was easy to step out: this, for one thing: easy to step out; this, for one thing; for another, we were rather late. I should think Mme. Laurie had been

caped? You sustained no injury?"
"I was thrown from one erd to the other of it, and I was a little bruised"; gone about a quarter of an hour. she pulled off her glove and showed us her left arm slightly grazed and con-tused, and gave a light, significant touch to both elbow and shoulder; "but that was all. I was very fortu-Just before you came to the station at that time there was a big blank wall, covered with posting bills; and as we arrived at it that day, or, rather. as our advance guard did, they found quite a crowd collected round some-body who had been taken ill, and was " And your fellow-passengers? Was there nobody else in the compartment with you?" body who had been taken ill, and was being put into a cab. The road was blockaded up partially, not entirely. There was room for the girls to pass, and I could not understand their stop-ping. The breach of discipline was explained when I got up to them. The as if she was not sure of the question, and I repeated it in that labored French which I should have liked to feel sure was as good as her English, measured and unmistakably foreign as it was. "No," she said then; "nobody." lady who was being packed off home, having just recovered herself sufficiently to give her address, was Madame Laure. this time in one of the easy-chairs, and

Elsie Tanner, one of the two in front, had caught sight of her face and been too much startled and too sympathetic to go on. "Oh, Miss Mary, you can't think what she looked like! She looked like death," the girl said afterward,

describing it to my sister.

I made them all stand on one side and wait while I went up to the cab-door and spoke to her, the policeman who had come to her assistance assuring me, as I did so, that it was a wonder she had not been run over, as they had found her swooning, half on the pave-ment, half on the road. The only person who had seen her fall was a child of twelve or thirteen, who said she was not walking at the moment, but standing looking at the colored pictures and reading, and that suddenly she had given a little cry and fallen backward. There had been nobody else on the spot, apparently, five minutes before; out now there was the inevitable crowd pushing and pressing, and craning their necks for a look at the sufferer, as though they had never seen a sick woman before. No wonder she looked

scared as well as ill. I was hesitating whether to send Miss Crispin back with her-she assured me and that she was liable to attacks of it, prepossess me in her favor. I was not predisposed in it, though I could have and soon got the better of them-when Elsie put in an eager request that given no good reason for my own feel-ing. Her good looks worried me, I confess, and being so handsome, I could have wished her older; it was difficult I would intrust her with her charge; and, seeing that the girl really wished it, and that the distance was so short, consented. It was well somebod should be sorry for the poor thing and ready to help her, and I was ashamed of myself for the irrito believe that she counted anything like the thirty years she professed; but that was not all. She had, to my mind, neither method enough in her work nor interest enough in her pupil's progress. Half her time she seemed to tation which possessed me with her for having made a scene in the street. I seemed to have neither heart nor conscience where Mme. Laure was concerned; but there would be no lack of pity when once she got home with. She was not rude, and she did not retaliate, but she had a way of to Mary. So I let Elsie get in with her, and watched them driven off together, not altogether happy or satisfied in my own mind either with myself or her. The people who had gathered about her, and who had been watching open-eyed all that was going on, began to disperse; and I was once more setting my party in motion, when one of the bystanders ran after me with a brown-paper parcel. The lady bad dropped it. So said the child who had been the only witness of her sud-

den seisure. "Yes, Miss Moffatt, it does belong to madame," one of the girls said, as hesitated about taking it; "I noticed her with it when she was coming down stairs; it was too big to fit comfortably under her arm. Should you like me to take it for you, or could not we leave

it somewhere?"
Decidedly I agreed it would be better to leave it somewhere, and we did leave it accordingly at the little linen-draper's opposite the station, where they not only took it in, but volun-teered to send it up to the house for us, and then at last we really succeeded in taking our tickets and getting off. I was flurried and put out, and the people who were in the compartment I myself got into with two or three of the elder ones—we had to content ourselves with what places we could get—seemed to see as much, and to be, in a quiet way, amused at it. There are some lucky individuals who don't know what it means to be who don't know what it means to be shaken out of their serenity by any little contretempts that may befall them. The lady who sat smiling in the far corner of the carriage, quietly taking us in from head to foot, was, I should say, one of them. She was a fair, fashionable-looking woman, with aslow, soft voice, and a drawl, and her coming of that sort one never knows what it may lead one to, and, conscious of it soft voice, and a drawl, and her com panion, putting his sex on one side, was much after the same style. I noticed them particularly because of the little laugh there seemed to be between them at my expense, and presently she seemed to see I was aware of it; for she suddenly straightened herself and looked away, and did not look back

doubt," Mary said, with a sigh. "How grateful we ought to be that we can afford to have things done properly and as we like!"

I was not reconciled to it, however, and I should have spoken to Mme. Laure myself on the subject had she not asked me on the first half-holiday to excuse her from accompanying the pupils to South Kensingt'n on that very account.

She really had nothing to wear, she said. Her black dresses had got so shabby, and she had not dared to spend her little money until she was earning Might she have the afternoon to of the posters in the city this morn-

of the posters in the city this morning."
"That was that dreadful business down in Essex, wasn't it?" she in-quired languidly. "One reads of so

many horrors that one gets confused about them. People who have been living in some out-of-the-way place, and whom nobody knew anything about, and the man was found dead, and the woman nowhere to be found. That was Mary, who had to stay at home, came up to the bed-room after me.

"I suppose, dear, it would not do to let the poor thing have a pound or two in advance, would it?" she asked timestle.

it-was it not?"
"Yes; that was it," he re "Yes; that was it," he replied.
"There was mystery enough about the antecedents and belongings, and the life they led generally; but I should be afraid there is little enough about the murder. The woman did it to a certainty."

Then why should you be afraid at all the state of the state of

about it? She is pretty, I suppose, and you are sorry for her?" She said it with a laugh, in which he joined.

It might have been nothing at all—a mere jest—this ghastly crime they were talking about. The man was sorry for the miserable wretch who had committhe miserable wretch who had commit-ted it, because she was pretty, that was

"I think she must have had a very hard time of it," he said. "The old woman who gave evidence, and who was the only person in the house with them, said as much. Her sympathies all went with her mistress, it was evident, and she made the case against the dead man so strong that every word she said will have helped to tighten the cord around his wife's neck if ever they catch her, which I hope they won't. She seems to have been nothing hard time of it." he said. "The old won't. She seems to have been nothi short of a slave and a prisoner. The man must have been mad, I should imagine, and he watched her so closely she could not get away from him." " And at last? I forget the particu-

Oh, well, there was a big row over night, you know. The old woman heard it as she was undressing for bed, but she appears to have gone to sleep in spite of it—too well used to that kind of thing, I suppose—and in the morning she was not up over early herself, and does not have seem to have troubled about enybody else until the breakfast hour was long past. Then she found the one room empty and the other locked, and you know the rest, all the harrowing details, as the leaders call harrowing details, as the leaders can't them. The poor wretch had had a fight for his life. The fact of that, and of the door being locked on the inside, would have told in the woman's favor if she had had the pluck to stay and see it out. But that is just where it is—presence of mind always fails people in these cases. She not only does for herself by running away, but being, according to all accounts, a good-looking woman, to begin with, and remarkable enough on that score, she makes herself still more remarkable by arraying herself in a shot-silk gown. Shot-silk! only conceive it! In these days, when every other woman one meets is in black!
Why, it was simply suicidal! The
only wonder is that they have not
identified her by it before this."

"It was only the other day, surely?" she asked.

She did not look greatly interested, not so much so as I was, for we had read about it at the time-Mary and I—had been reading about it, in fact, that very night when we were kept up watching and waiting for Madame Laure, and I could have answered her question more definitely than he did, for madame had been with us now little more than a fortnight. I was interested myself, but I was sorry to see the girls taking it all in so eagerly. We encouraged no morbid taste for horrors at Ingiewood House.
"I knew-I read all about it while I

was waiting," Milly Danvers said after-ward in her consequential little way. "I wonder you did not see it, all of you. There was 'Murder' at the top you. There was 'Murder' at the top in his snough letters, goodness at first; but now he is nearly himself was waiting," Milly Danvers said after-When we reached home in the eve-

so far followed my sister's advice. first," Mary said, but she objected so | see." strongly, and I doubt whether it would have been of any use. I think she wants rest and quiet more than any-

ning Madame Laure was in bed, having

thing."
I think you want it yourself," I said. I did not know when I had seen her look so tired and troubled; I thought at times she must feel other people's pains and aches as though they were her own, and I felt sore now she had been letting Madame Laure worry her beyond her strength. "I won't have you going up to her any more to-night," I said. "I shall go and see for myself how she is getting on, and if there is any need for a doctor, a doctor she shall have."

She did not say "Yes," or "No," but smiled faintly at the parlor boarders, who were accustomed to the oc-casional assertion of my authority, and began pouring out the tea, while I en-tertained the little party (the schoolroom tea was a separate affair, under the presidency of Miss Crispin,) with a recapitulation of the conversation in

the railway carriage.
"It was the dress," I said, "which he had made up his mind was to bring her to justice—the shot-silk dress. My dear Mary, what on earth are you thinking of?" I exclaimed in the same breath, for the urn had replenished the tea-pot to overflowing and was flooding the tray, and my sister sat looking across it at me in a sort of stupor, never seeing or heeding it.

"Miss Mary was thinking no more of the tea than the rest of us," some-body said, good-naturedly coming to the rescue, and then there was a little commotion and mopping up, consequent upon the catastrophe, and Mary made her apologies and went on with her work; but she did it nervously and badly, as if it were an effort to her, and I was glad when it was over. I scarcely knew why myself, but I was always in an agony if she had so much as a finger-ache. True, she was the one dear thing I had in the world. There was that to be said.

She would not allow that there was anything the matter with her, however, and she would go up-stairs. I had rarely seen her so positive; as a rule, she gave way to me in everything con-nected with the school; I was so much eleverer than she, she used to say, and had a head for business, which she had not; and in the management of the governesses she never interfered. It was a mistake having two mistresses; we should never get any one to work under us if we attempted it. But, somehow, from the first she seemed to have taken Mme. Laure under her pro-

tection, and she would not let her go.
"She had such a lovely face, and she seemed out of her element and not happy; and she was so grateful for a very little kindness"—that was all the reason Mary could ever give for the attraction in the first instance.

As we took our separate ways, she to the top of the house, I to the schoolroom, I remembered the parcel madame had dropped, and which had been re-stored, and called up after her to know whether it had been sent home. Yes,

(2) \$1 \$1 (1) \$1 (1) \$2 (1) \$1 (1) \$2 (1) \$2 (1) \$1 (1) \$

no Madame Lauree coming between you and me and working upon your feelings until they make you ill."
But she assured me that she was not ill, that I was mistaken—finally, with that quiet assumption of dignity with which, when she liked, she seemed able which, when she liked, she seemed also to reverse our relative positions, that such a jealousy as mine was unworthy both of me and of her, and not to be entertained for a moment.

Then she went on her way, and was closeted with the French woman for more than two hours, in the chill and the left has Sectember evening.

dusk of the September evening, coming down at last, white and shivering, to take her part in the prayers. Her own were long enough that night; I thought she would never come to bed, and when at last she did come, nestling gently in so as not to disturb me, I allowed her to think I was asleep, and for the first time for years, I should suppose, let her go without her "good-night."

Mme. Laure was at her post the following morning, and things went on as usual for the next few days. She excused herself from church on the Sunday, however, both morning and evening, and although she looked quite ill enough to justify her in staying at home.

I could not get rid of an uncomfortable feeling that there was something in the background, and that we should never come to a proper understanding until it was cleared up. At the same time I saw in her a greater effort to concentrate her attention on her work, and while she spoke French with the girls more exclusively than any of her predecessors—never, indeed, expressing herself in English to any one unless she was compelled—her knowledge of music far exceeded my anticipations.

By what seemed an unspoken mutual consent, Mary and I said little or nothing about herafter that night; but the kind of devotion I had already noticed on madame's part was unaltered, and that my sister made little opportunities of seeing her in private I was better aware than she supposed. That she was trying to do her good in some way. which she was too delicate to confess to a third person, was, after all, I thought, the conclusion most in accordance with all my former experi-

We heard nothing of the Sunday's indisposition on the Monday, and that day, for the first time, she had a visitor. The lady, in the first instance, asked for me, and I was pleased not only with her, but with the object of her visit, which betokened a kindliness and consideration not often to be met in this selfish world. Had the French governess, who was on her way to us three weeks before she wished to know, reached us safely? fact was, she said; her husband had travelled in the same compartment with her in the tidal train until it was within a station or two of the spot at which the collision occurred, when he exchanged into a smoking-carriage; and before they parted she had so interest-cd him in her forlorn position, and had told him so much about herself that he had promised to look her up at the terminus, and see her safely on her way to her destination.

Which he would have done," his wife added naively, "if he had been there to do it, but he was very badly hurt. His was not one of the worst cases, by a long way. There were five deaths, you know, and one of the bodies was never identified. He was so afraid it might have been that of Mme. Laure. Oh, yes; she gave him her address, or I should not have known again, and he was so anxious about that poor little French woman, as he kept calling her, and about another lady who was in the compartment with "I did want her to have a doctor at them, but I promised I would come and

> the hall for their morning walk as she talked to me, and I went to the door and called Mme. Laure in.

> She obeyed the summons immediately; but when she saw I was not alone she fell back like a frightened child, and with an expression infinitely more distressed. Upon widely different grounds it was easy to see that the other was scarcely less taken aback.
>
> "But this is not Mme. Laure," she exclaimed. "I mean my husband led

me to expect some one so very differ-"Is that to be taken as a compliment

"Yes, certainly," the little lady replied frankly. "I had no notion she was so nice-looking or so young. He gave me the impression that you were a plain, elderly person," she added, laughing and extending her hand. "But perhaps you don't understand me, and I am not such a linguist as he is. Perhaps," and she turned to me, you will be so kind as to act as in-

There is no need." I said. "Ma-"There is no need," I said, "Madame understands English perfectly."
"Oh, well, then," she replied good-humoredly, "I will tell her," which she did forthwith.
"My husband, you see, would have

have done better to remain with you," she concluded. "And yet, what of the other lady—the handsome English lady who was with you?" "I do not think she was handsome,"

Madame Laure replied in a slow, re-luctant way. "I think—pardon me— monsieur's memory must still be a little clouded. She was not young or handsome, that poor lady. And you might not have had him spared to you, madame, had he stayed where he was, for, though I escaped, she was killed."
"Killed in the same carriage with

you!" I exclaimed, "And you told me that night there was nobody with you—that you were alone!" "Did I?" she returned apathetically. "Very likely I did. It was too dreadful to talk about. Why should I send you to your beds to be haunted as I was myself?"

The little lady went away with her The little lady went away with her gayety under an eclipse. She could not, apparently, get over the thought that death had really taken one of the trio of whom her husband had formed part. She would have liked to be able to go home and tell him that with both his fellow-passengers it had been equally well.

"You must come and see us, though," she said at parting. "You will let her come-won't you?" to

I was willing for my part. To my surprise, Madame Laure was willing, too. Pressed to fix a day, she fixed the following Friday, and her visitor, with many apologies for having trespassed upon my time, fluttered away, leaving me for the moment tele-a-tele with my strange governess. "You will have to take an afternoon

to yourself and get the dress you were

whether it had been sent home. Yes, she answered, it had. And it was quite right? Quite.

She was half way up the stairs as she spoke, and she stopped, with a little catch in her voice, as she uttered the monosyllable, as if to rest. I ran up after her and put my arm round her.

"Mary," I said, "you are not well. Something has upset you, and I have a right to know what it is. I can't have you beginning to keep your own counsel after all these years. I will have

to ask, as a favor, for even so small a 66 A NEW ERA."

to sek, as a favor, for even so small a toon as this—I consented.

The girls had, of course, by this time gone out without her, and she said she would go down to the school-room and correct the French exercise, a task which generally stood over until the evening. I went down, too, not to the school-room, but to the kichen, whence, about ten minutes later, I strolled out into the garden and round the house. Under Mary's dressing-room window I paused, hearing a voice—voices.

"On your word and honer, before Heaven—not to please me, not to make

Heaven—not to please me, not to make me think any better of you—remem-bering I might have sinned just so, had I been so tempted, and that I know it and feel it, and would do the same by you then as I am doing now-bearing all that in mind, you still say the same." "Still the same-always the same-

so help me Heaven!"

The voice was Mme. Laure's, but there was something unfamiliar in the sound of it which, for the moment, puzzled me. I knew afterward what it was; that in that, my last hearing of it, the foreign accent had gone out of She took her leave of absence for the

afternoon earlier than was customarybefore dinner—having, as my sister in-formed me at that meal, a long way to go. She had, indeed, a long way to go; but it was not until late that evening, after the girls had gone to bed and I was beginning to get uneasy and angry at her protracted absence, Mary ventured to tell me the truth. Then, with her arms round my neck and tears in her soft eyes, she confided to me that Mme. Laure had left us, never to "And, oh, Esther, how am I to tell

you the rest?" she cried, with such a distress in her sweet face as I had nover seen there before. "How am I to tell you so as to make you believe her, and not take her for the dreadful thing they say she is? For, Esther, it was her husband whom they found murdered at Wyvenhoe; it is upon her head they have put a price, and she is as innocent you would be as sure of it as I am, could you only have heard her !--as innocent as I !"

"Go on!" I said staring at her in my horror and bewilderment, as if she herself were some strange thing meant to scare me. "For Heaven's sake go on! Tell me how she got here—what

brought her to us!"

"She ran away," Mary said. "That night, after he beat her, while he lay down stairs, as she thought, in a drunken sleep, she let herself out of the house and ran away. It was moon-light, and she made her way on foot to the nearest station, five miles off, and took the first train after daybreak to some place down in Kent, where she fancied the one friend who was likely to help her was living. She spent the whole day in a fruitless search for him, and that night she slept at an inn. She had scarcely any money, and only one hope left, and that was to get to London and interest some charitable person in her behalf. In the carriage lab got into the part morning there was the get into the part morning there was a 27-Sutv to help her was living. She spent the she got into the next morning there was a French lady, who was coming to teach in a ladies' school near London, and there was a gentleman who was kind to them both. It was his wife who was here this morning. When he exchanged into the smoking-carriage he ran back to them with an evening paper, and in it she read about her husband's murder and her own flight, and what people thought of her."

And just as she grasped one borror there came the other, and the woman she had been talking to, sitting near her, was killed under her eyes!" I exclaimed. "And you, my dear, in-nocent Mary, believe her story. She would have come out of such an experience, had she ever come out of it at all, a raving maniac!"

and looked, with a mingling of triumph and entreaty, into my face.

"Is it not just that that proves it? she exclaimed. "If the strength that was given her had not been given of Heaven, how could she have gone through it? Would it not have seemed as if she must have been crushed? There she was, with no one to go to,

no one to whom she dared to tell her story, without money, without friends, and suspected of murder!"

"And there lay the dead woman whom nobody would be likely to recog-nize, and whose park she thought she could play. The woman who was equal to that. Mary, was equal to what went before."

"You think so?" she said. "Oh, Esther, I am glad I did not tell you before." "How long have you known your-

self?" I asked her. "Ever since the day she was brought home in a cab, more dead than alive," my sister answered. "She startled me by her strange talk when she came in; but it was when you told us about the dress at tea, I was seized with a presentiment of the truth. It was in the parcel you had sent home from Den-yer's that very dress and not knowing whose it was I opened it. She was on her way to raise money on it," she added with a blush at having to name

such a thing, "when she saw that ter-rible placard, and never got any fur-"And you went up to her and told

her you knew?"
"Yes," Mary replied, quietly,
"And she told me—the truth."
"And then?" "Then I saw she must go. But I

wished, if I could, to save her from desperation, and I did not see my way. The coming of that lady to-day precipitated matters in spite of me. any moment she might be discovered, and she felt it herself, too. To-morrow morning, all well, she will wake in Belgium." um."
There was no need to ask whose mo-

ney had taken her to Belgium. For a few days every ring at the bell startled us with the fear lest it should be a prelude to an inquiry after Madame Laure; but nobody ever came, and, in time, we ceased to recall her and to watch the paper on account of her.

One day, however, about two years after, my sister received a letter from Australia, in which, along with a bank-

note, was so earnest an entreaty for news of her own welfare that she wrote to the address given her by the next mail out.

But it was only the other day that a man lying in jail, sentenced to death for another murder, confessed that to him, and to him alone, was to be ascribed the Wyvenhoe tragedy. I was rejoiced to read it, and to know at last that my dear sister's instinct—in this, as in every instance in which we may have differed, nobler and loftier than mine—had guided her aright; but the tears fell thick and fast upon the page that recorded it, for, alas! there was no one left to rejoice with me! No one here-visible or audible-but

Mary knows! STOUT, ALE, &c.

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AT CLAREMONT WITH ATLANTIC AND
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AND AT

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o'clock P. M. Returning, the steamer leaves
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Freight forwarded and through bills of lading issued for points beyond New York. Freight received daily until 5 P. M.

Manifest closed on sailing-days one hour before departure.

Passengers leaving Richmond by the Chesapenke and Onio railway at \$15 A. M. (via Newport's News) and the Richmond and Petersburg railroad at \$11:20 A. M. on MONDAYS, TUESDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, WILLENBAYS and SATURDAYS will make connections at NORFOLK with the steamers leaving those days.

SAILINGS THIS WEEK.

ROANOKE, Captain COUCH, SUNDAY, October 25th, at 5 o'clock A. M.

OLD DOMINION, Captain SMITH, TUESDAY, October 25th, at 2 o'clock P. M.

WYANOKE, Captain HULPHERS, FRIDAY, October 25th, at 2 o'clock P. M.

WYANOKE, Captain HULPHERS, FRIDAY, October 20th, at 2 o'clock P. M.

WYANOKE, Captain HULPHERS, FRIDAY, October 20th, at 2 o'clock P. M.

GEORGE W. ALLEN & CO., Agents, N. (1301 Main attreet and oc 25 Company's wharf, Rocketts.

DHILADELPHIA, RICH-MOND AND NORFOLK STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

Appointed sailing days: Every TUESDAY and FRIDAY at 12 M., and every SUNDAY at 5 A. M.
Freight for Tuesdays' and Fridays' steamers received till 11:30 A. M.; for Sundays' steamer till 5 P. M. Saturday. Freight received daily till 5 P. M.
Fare. 38.
For further information apply to J. W. McCARRICK,
General Passenger Agent, Office Bookstig,
w. P. CLVDB & CO.,
no 20
General Agents,

MANCHESTER TAXES.

THE LAST HALF OF THE CITY AND SCHOOL TAX IS PAYABLE ON OR BEFORE NOVEMBER 1st. Persons paying the whole or the half of the same by that time are entitled to a rebate of 5 per cent, on the half city tax. The State taxes are now ready for collection. There will be added 5 per cent, to all taxes—State, city, and school—on the 1st DECEMBER NEXT, if then unpaid.

Treasurer City of Manchester. oc 21-tNo11

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HATLEDAD LINES. CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAIL WAY.-OCTOBER 11, 1885; LEAVE RICHMOND, A. M. Through and Local May except Sunday. Connects for Lynch-

EEAVE RICHMOND.

7:40 A. M. Throughand Local MaD except Sunday. Connects for Lynchburg.

6:15 A. M. For Newport's News and Old Point Comfort daily. For Nor-folk daily except Sunday.

8:50 P. M. For Newport's News old Point, and Norfolk. Except Sunday.

6:50 P. M. For Newport's News old Point, and Norfolk. Except Sunday.

6:50 P. M. For Louisville and Cheinnatt, Fast Express, with through Pullman cars. Daily.

ARRIVE RICHMOND.

8:45 A. M. Frem It., F. and P. Junction.

11:55 A. M. From Norfolk, Old Point, and Newport's News except Sunday.

8:45 P. M. From local points and the West, except Sunday.

8:55 P. M. From Louisville and Cincinnatt, Fast express daily.

Depot: Seventeenth and Broad streets, Tickets at 1000 Main street and depot.

H. W. FULLLEIR.

General Passenger Agent.

C. W. SMITH. General Manager. 0c 15

RICHMOND AND DANVILLE

BCHEDULE IN RFFECT SUNDAY, SEP.

TEMBER 20, 1885.

LEAVE RICHMOND.

—(Through-Passenger Mail daily)—For all stations between Richmond and Danville, connecting at Greensboro' for Raisigh, Goldsboro', and points on Salem Branch; Fayette-ville and all C. F. and Y. V. local points, and at Chariotte for Columbia and the Southeast; also for Athanta, New Orieans, and Southwest.

Pullman Sleeper, Richmond to Greensboro', Danville to Avgusta without change, and Danville to Selma without change.

—(Through Passenger, daily)—Stops at all stations, connecting at Keysville for all points on Richmond and Mecklenburg railroad (daily except Sunday); at Greensboro for all points on Salem Branch; at Salisbury with W. N. C. rall-road; at Athanta for Jackson-ville, Fla., New Orleans, and Southwest.

Pullman Buffet Sleeper, Dan-ville Atlanta

road; at Atlanta for Jacksonville, Fla., New Orieans, and
Southwest.
Pullman Buffet Sleeper, Danville to Atlanta, Goldsboro to
Asheville, Danville to New
Orieans without change.

2:45 P. M.—(York-River Passenger, daily)
Stops at all stations and connects at West Point (daily except Sunday) with sleamer for
Baltimore and points North,
Giot P. M.—(Bon Air Accommodation,
daily except Sunday) for Coalfield.

7:10 A. M.—(York-River Freight—from
Twenty-fourth-Street depot—
daily except Sunday)—for
West Point.

ARRIVE AT RICHMOND.

West Point.

ARRIVS AT RICHMOND.

7:00 A. M.—From Atlanta. Goldsboro'. Raieigh, and intermediate points (daily).

8:41 A. M.—From Counteid and Bon Air (daily except Sunday).

10:15 A. M.—From West Point (daily) Bailmore, and points North (daily) except Monday).

8:45 P. M.—From all local stations, Atlanta, New Orleans, and Southwest (daily). ta, New Orleans, and South-west (daily).

8:2 P. M.—Freight (daily) except Sunday) from West Point.
Ticket Offices: 1000 Main street, and at the Richmond and Daaville railroad depot, Virginia street.
M. SLAUGHTER.
General Passenger Agent, Bol. Haas, Traffic Manager.
A. L. Rives, General Manager. 19 19

A TLANTIC COAST LINE. RICHMOND AND PETERSBURG BALL

ROAD TIME-TABLE, Commencing TUESDAY, August 2, 1885, trains on this road will run as follows: TRAINS SOUTHWARD. No. Richmond, Petersburg

6. 17:90 A.M. 9:00 A.M. Mixed train, 48. *10:49A.M. 11:40 A.M. Through train, 34. *11:20A.M. 12:20 P.M. Accom odat a. 40. *2:48 P.M. 3:23 P.M. Fast Mail, 36. 15:00 P.M. 6:09 P.M. Accom odat a. 32. 8:35 A.M. 7:45 A.M. Sund'y Accom, 38. 5:55 P.M. 7:16 P.M. Sund'y Accom,

TRAINS NORTHWARD. No. Leave Arrive Richmond.

43. *4:58 A.M. 5:48 A.M. Fast Mail, 93. +8:15 A.M. 9:16 A.M. Accom cdat'n, 35. +12:50 P.M. 1:50 P.M. Accom cdat'n, 47. *5:53 P.M. 6:55 P.M. Throa'n train, 37. 7:00 A.M. 8:10 A.M. Sund'y Accom 9. 4:20 P.M. 5:30 P.M. Sund'y Accom

*Daily, †Daily (except Sunday),
STOPPING-PLACES,
Nos. 40 and 43 make no stops. Nos. 47
and 48 stop only on signal at Chester, Centralia and Manchester. Nos. 6, 33, 34, 35,
and, 36 stop at all stations.
PULLMAN-CAR SERVICE,
On train No. 40 sleeping-cars between
Washington and Charleston, On train No.
43 sleeping-cars between Washington and
Jacksonville, Fla. On trains Nos. 47 and 49
sleeping-cars between New York and Jacksonville.

THE ONLY ALL-RAIL ROUTE TO NO! THE ONLY ALL-RAIL, ROUTE TO NOR-LEAVE.

Riches d. 11:20 A.M., Norfolk.... 220 P.M.
Norfolk..., 10:00 A.M., Richm d. 1:30 P. M.
Norfolk..., 10:00 A.M., Richm d. 1:30 P. M.
Norfolk..., 13:05 P.M., Richm d. 1:30 P. M.
Nors 34 and 35 make close connection to and from Farmville, Lynchburg, and south-western points, and way-stations on the Norfolk and Western railroad. The connection from Richmond to Norfolk will be by No. 34. except on Sundays, when this connection will be by No. 45.

Superintendent of Transportation.
T. M. Emerson, General Passenger Agent.

RICHMOND, FREDERICKSBURG
AND POTOMAC RAILEOAD.—Schednie commencing MARCH 1, 1885—eastern
standard time;
6:00 A. M., leaves Byrd-Street station
daily; stops only at Ashland,
Junction, Milford, and Fredericksburg. Steeper from
Charleston to Washington.
11:07 A. M., leaves Byrd-Street station daiiy except Sunday.

11:07 A. M., leaves Byrd-Street station dality except Sanday,
7:15 P. M., leaves Byrd-Street station dality except Sanday,
10:29 A. M., leaves Byrd-Street station dality. Sleeper from Jacksonville to New York.
10:29 A. M., arrives at Byrd-Street station daily. Sleeper from New York to Jacksonville.
2:39 P. M., arrives at Byrd-Street station daily: stops at Fredericks-burg, Milford, and Junction, Sleeper from Washington to Charleston.
9:43 P. M., arrives at Byrd-Street station daily except sunday, ASHLAND TRAINS.
4:00 P. M., arrives at Byrd-Street station Street station; arrives at Ashland at 5 P. M.
6:04 P. M., leaves Elba; arrives at Ashland at 6:44 P. M.
7:50 A. M., arrives at Elba; leaves Ashland at 6:43 A. M.
8:55 A. M., accommodation, arrives at Broad-Street station; leaves Ashland at 8 A. M.
5:59 P. M., arrives at Elba; leaves Ashland at 5:12 P. M.
6: A. TAYLOR, General Ticket Agent, E. T. D. Myrins, General Superintendent.

RICHMOND AND ALLEGHANY RAILBOAD,

RAILBOAD,

SCHEDULE OF TRAINS
IN EFFECT OCTOBER I, 1885.
O DAILY TRAINS (EXCEPT SUNDAY)

BETWEEN
RICHMOND AND LYNCHBURG.

Through Accom-Mail, modation, Express †No. 1. †No. 3. †No. 9. Leave Schroo'd 10:25 A M 3:30 P M 7:40 P M Richino'd 10:25 A M 3:30 P M 7:40 P M Arrive Recutsive 1:31 P M 7:09 P M 12:39 P M Lynchb'g 4:30 P M 5:00 A M Lexing'in 7:02 P M 7:15 A M CliftonF'e 8:00 P M

CHRONF'e | 8:00 P M | ARRIVE RICHMOND,

8:55 P, M, MAIL daily (except Sunday.)

9:55 A, M, ACCOMMODATION daily (except Sunday.)

7:05 A, M, NIGHT EXPRESS daily (except Monday.)

SUNDAY ACCOMMODATION between Richmond and Scottsville leaves Richmond

7:15 P, M, CONNECTIONS.

7:15 P. M. CONNECTIONS.

At Richmond with associated railways and Richmond. Frederickaburg and Potomac railroad; at Lynchburg with Virginia Midland railway and Nerfolk and Western railroad; at Clifton Forge with Chesapea Re and Ohloraliway; at Lexington with Ealtimore and Ohloraliway; at Lexington with Ealtimore and Ohloraliway;

more and Ohio railroad.

Steeping-car attached to Night Express to
Lexington.

Trains marked † daily (except Sunday).
Tickets sold to all points. Offices: 1206
east Main street, 1000 Main, and at Richmond and Alleghany depot, Eighth and
Oanal streets.

J. R. MACMURDO.
General Passenger and Express Agent.

RICHMOND, FREDERICKSBURG AND POTOMAC BAILBOAD, THROUGH ALL-HAIL FAST-FREIGHT LINE TO AND FROM BALTIMORE, PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK, AND EASTERN AND WEST-ERN CITIES,

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